

A N
A P O L O G I E
For P A R I S.

For rejecting of *Juno*, and *Pallās*,
and presenting of ATE's *Golden*
Ball to *VENUS*.

With a discussion of the Reasons that
might induce him to favour ei-
ther of the three.

Occasioned by a Private Discourse, wherein
the *Trojans* Judgment was carp'd at by some,

And defended

By R : B. Gent.

Ann. Aetatis suae 18.

Ovid.

*Vincant quibus alma Dione
Faverit, & toto qui volat orbe Puer.*

L O N D O N,

Printed for *Th. Dring*, and are to be sold at his shop
at the Signe of the George near *Cliffords-*
Inne in *Fleetstreet*. 1649.

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A. B. C. D. E. F. G. H. I. J. K. L. M. N. O. P. Q. R. S. T. U. V. W. X. Y. Z.

My Father

My Mother

My Sister

My Brother

My Friend

My Teacher

My Neighbor

My Uncle

My Aunt

My Grandfather

My Grandmother

My Cousin

My Nephew

My Niece

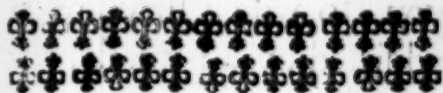
My Son

My Daughter

My Wife


My Husband

Myself



To my Noble LADY,
THE
LADY, E: R.

Madam,

 Our will is a Law
to me, and the least
beck of your com-
mands the *Alarum* that calls
all my Intellects and Facul-
ties into a *posture* of serving
A 3 you,

The Epistle

you, to which they are so addicted by a naturall propensitie, as they are never more in their owne *Sphere*, then when they be moving upon your *Ladiships* *Er-rand*.

Nor is this without good reason, since that rare cumble of *Graces* and *Vertues*, that *Venus* and *Minerva* have treasured up in the fair *Tablet* of your face, and rich *Closet* of your mind, have made such a perfect conquest

Dedicatorie.

quest of me, that my *will* is
but the *Eccho* of yours, or
rather I have no *will* but
your *pleasure* ; the palpita-
tion of my heart, and pulse
of my affections, so observe,
and keep such even time
and measure with yours, as
they are no longer mine, but
your owne. And (*Curious
wonder of Natures sweat*)
proud am I that you will
make use of your owne, in
giving a *Theame* to my
Muse, who nor knowes, nor

The Epistle

delights in any other, than the *praises*, or (cause thats too high a flight for her flaggie pinion) the *admiration* of your *Ladiship*. But such as she is, she glories to be yours, and in that *Liverie* comes to prostrate at your feet a *Jargon* of a few rambling passages, thought upon only in obedience to your Commands.

For may it please your *Ladiship* to remember, that among other passages of entertainment,

Dedicatorie.

tertainment, at Sir *Johns*,
there happened a confe-
rence concerning the *omni-*
potency of Love, and *triumph*
of Beauty, in pursuance of
which the *Trojan Prince*
Paris his Judgement was
called in question, and he
blamed for disposing of the
Ball (as he did) to *Loves*
Mistris, when two other
great Deities were her com-
petitors; Your well-worded
Brother (compared with
whom I am lesse than a sha-
dow)

The Epistle

dow) pleaded stiffly for
Juno, Sir T. B. Bar^{tt} for
Pallas, and there being none
that had taken up the *Buck-*
lar for *Venus*, your *Ladiship*
commanded me to become
her *Advocate*; so that there
was rather a necessitie of,
than an Arrogance in, my
undertaking it.

Now (*Excellent Lady*)
so auspicious were my *Stars*
to me (above merit) that
these course-waled Passages
found good acceptance
from

Dedicatorie.

from that noble Company,
but especially (which I was
most ambitious of) from
your Deare selfe, who bad
me file them upon the *Re-*
gister of time, lest they
should evaporate into aire,
and be lost, and enjoined me
to give you an exact Copy
of them, promising to over-
value them so far, as to let
them find roome in your
Cabinet.

See here then (*Fair Queen*
of Hearts) these few *Flow-*
ers

The Epistle

ers by me stuck upon *Venus*
her tresses, expanding them-
selves (like the *Marigold* to
Phæbus) to the *Sunnie*
beames of your eyes, in
whom it lies either to che-
rish, or scorch them.

✿ Nor *Madam* durst I own
the thought, that you would
once open those *starry Case-*
ments of your Soule, to glance
upon these creeping *Ideas*,
but that I may call them (in
a manner) your owne, for
it was your *breath* that
gave

Dedicatorie.

gave them *birth*, though
they were *conceived* by,

Madam,

Your Ladiships

Most enchained Servitor,

From *Graves Inn.*

ROBERT BARON.

To

To the same.

An Epigram.

Madam,

WHen last I came to kisse your hands, you were
Reading the *Legend* of the *Trojan Warre*.
Then did you wish t'have seen that peerlesse *Dame*,
Whose forme (rarer than wonder) partiall fame
Proclameth with so loud a blast, as it
Fires coldest hearts, and deafest eares doth hit,
You mus'd of what fine clay *Titan* did make
Her, better than the rest, that for her sake
Th' hot *Phrygian Prince* thought it not much to come
To scarce known *Greece*, from remote *Ilium*;
And that *Greece* thought not millions lives too deare,
With all her *Mines* to boot, to ransom her;
And that the *Tenians* did not stick to fill
Their Trenches with their blouds to guard her still.
If her *Effigies*, or a better face,
Madam, you long to see, look in your *Glasse*.

Your Ladiships

to the Altar,

ROBERT BARON.



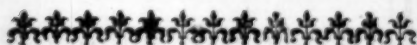
To his worthily esteem'd friend
M.R. *Baron*, upon his *Apology*
for P A R I S.

V *ENUS* deserved not so much, I'll sweare,
From th'other two the *Prize* away to beare
Of *Beauty*, as thou dost the prize of *wit*
From all, that ever on this subject writ.
Thou'lt made great *Juno* boast, with such a grace
Her Acts, and plead in such a *wealthy* Phrase
For th' *Golden Ball*, as she doth owe to thee
Much of that *metall* for a Salarie.

Thou'lt made wise *Pallas* speak such very charmes,
Urging the Glory of her *Arts*, and *Armes*,
As she, in recompence, must *sift* a bough
From *Daphne's* trunk, and therewith grace thy brow.

And 'cause thou'lt help *Loves* Goddesse to declare
The pleasures of her *Nymph*, so sweet, so fair,
(For whose sake she obtain'd the *Prize*) may She
One such (*fair* as her self) bestow on thee.

D : S. Gent.



To the Author.

Ana *Robert Baron* *gram.*
Born to be rare.

Thy *Letters*, as so many *Starres*, doe
tell,
Thou shalt *be rare*, without a Para-
lell.

Sic vaticinatur,


Robert Freeman,

G E N T.



A N
Apology for P A R I S :

For rejecting of *Iuno* and *Pallas*;
and presenting of *Ate's Golden Ball*
to *Venus*: With a discussion of the Rea-
sons that might induce him to
favour either of the three.

 Hen the *Ilian* flocks, laden
with rich fleeces, were
feasting themselves with
the dainties of *Ida's* Pain-
red Meades, whose Prince-
ly Shepherd *Paris* (for even such in
time of yore disdained not the Sheep-
hook, and to converse with old russet
honesty) sat sheltring himself from the
fiery lashes of heavens curle-pate wag-
goner, under the courteous shade
B of

of a broad beech, warbling upon his
 seaven-fold *Syrinx* some amorous son-
 net, that spoke high the encomiums
 of some neighbouring shepheardesse,
 having the pretty Songsters of the
 woods bearing part in his Lyribling
 melodie, whilst the conspiring armes
 of the trees danced to the Concord,
 and the complisant Nymph, *Eccho*, in
 the vaulted bowre approved, and imi-
 tated each of his aires, as greedily
 as if her deare *Narcissus* had lent breath
 to them.

On a suddaine the blew enamelled
 Portcullis of heaven flew open, and
 there issued out three Triumphant
 Chariots, the first drawne by an har-
 nassed teame of Peacocks, and deckt
 with boughes of Cedar; Herein sat
Iuno, wife and sister to mighty *Iove*,
 Queene of Crownes and Mines, the
 Nuptiall Goddesse, and Protectresse
 of the *Geniall* bed. The second Chari-
 ot was drawne by *Marius* his Eagle, and
Prometheus his Vulture, and stuck a-
 bout

bout with wreaths of Oake, Palme,
and Bayes; Herein sat prudent and Po-
tent *Pallas*, the *Issue* of *loves* better part
his braine, Empresse of Arts and
Armes, Commandresse in chiefe in
the *Pierian* greene, and the *Pharſalian*
field. The last and lightest Chariot,
(before which ran a *Bevis* of naked
Nymphs and little *Cupids*, strewing
Roses and Violets in the way, and sing-
ing of wanton Ditties,) was beset with
branches of myrtle, and hung thick
with hearts transfixt with arrowes, o-
thers flaming, Virgines girdles, Gar-
lands, and worlds of such like Love-
Trophies; it was drawn by a paire of
milkie Doves, who bild and wantoniz-
ed as they went, as if they were ina-
moured of eithers whitenesse, which ex-
celled Winters finest downe, the neck
of *Leda's* aged Swan, and what ever
else knowes a name, but the hand of
her whom they drew, which was Love-
ly *Venus*, Crowned with her star,
Queen of hearts, *Soveraigne* Mistris of

Love and Beauty. Now alighted those three Deities from their shining Chariots, and came marching with awfull pace, (lackyed with Glory and Majestie) over the hony suckled plaines of *Ida*, by *Cloris* spread with verdant plush for them to tread upon. The timorous Stripling was extasied at their Angelick presence, as the *Arcadian* Fishermen were when they saw that brave *Triton*, the incomparable Prince *Pyrocles* riding (as on horseback) upon the mast of his mangled ship, (full of unmoved Majesty, as if he had been the *Neptune* of that Ocean, waving his sword about his Crowne, as though he would threaten the world in that extremitie) and (as they their swearing Oares) he was about moving his heeles to carry him out of the dint of such glorious spirits; but that *Monsieur Mercurie* their winged Postillion, beckened to him with his *Caduceus*, and staid him with these words:

“ See (*noble Prince*) how much thou
art

" art in *Ioves* books, and what a large
 " share thou possessest of his Royall fa-
 " vour, who has sent the three Deities
 " *majorum Gentium*, his owne Wife,
 " Daughter, and Neece, through the
 " spangled Orbes, to plead a writ of Ho-
 " nour at thy *Barre*, and hath given in
 " errand to me, his feathered Herald,
 " to make the motion, and procure them
 " audience; thus then the Cause is sta-
 " ted;

" Dame *Ate* an exploded common
 " *Barretter*, Mistress of revenge & debate,
 "

" *Nève foret terris securior ardens æther,*

" Lest Chrystall mantled heaven should be
 " Securer than the Earth, and Sea,
 "

" puzzled its Peace, and conspired to
 " sow her seeds of dissention among
 " the Celestials; nor did it suffice her
 " to play at small game, but she hath
 " set at enmity the goddesses of the first
 " rank, *Saturnia* the Great, *Tritonia* the
 " wise, and *Aphrodite* the faire, by

“ casting of a *Golden Globe* among
“ them (as they sate enjoying them-
“ selves at a Banquet-Royall whence
“ she was excluded) with this Inscrip-
“ tion, *Give this to the fairest*, to which
“ each layes claime, and swels with dis-
“ daine to heare her title questioned,
“ for the clearing of which they all at-
“ tend thy sentence, and are to stand
“ to thy award.

“ His Coelestiall Majesty waved the
“ determination of this controverſie
“ himſelfe, becauſe he would not diſ-
“ oblige any ſuch Deities; wherefore
“ he removed the *Sute* from Heavens
“ high *Court of Chancery*, hither, where
“ he conſtitutes thee the *Judge*, and
“ commands thee to make *Ida* the
“ *Court of Equity*. Take then *Highborne*
“ *Prince*, this wager of three Goddeſſes
“ contention, deſigned for the beſt de-
“ ſerver, and let thy impartiall judge-
“ ment in diſpoſing of it to her, evi-
“ dence, that *Aſtrea* hath not yet taken
“ her flight from Earth.

Mercurie

Mercurie retreated, having made *Paris* Guardian of the Ball, whose amorous eyes were now more clogg'd with change of Beauties, than King *Mydas* was once with gold. Now this, now that, now one by one he beheld; this seemed faire, that as faire, the other fairest; one was full of awfull Majesty, the other of audacitie tempered with meeknesse, the third of beauty waited upon by all the graces; whilst every winning feature did intangle his intricate fancy, as liking all alike, he loved, confounded in his election, *Juno* (with a sleeke forehead) advanced forward, and thus became her owne *Advocate*.

“ Grow Royall Plant, and *bourgeon*
 “ every moment, till thy touring top
 “ invades Heaven, and thy magnitude
 “ fills Earth, and all the Inhabitants
 “ shelter themselves under the shadow
 “ of thy Imperiall branches; which
 “ is all in thine owne power to command, if thou wilt obey me, and that
 “ but in being just to thy selfe, and me,

“ in preferring before two meaner
 “ Nymphs (with whom my spleen
 “ swels to be ranked) me, that have the
 “ Monopoly of Crownes and Scep-
 “ ters in mine hands, in reward of
 “ which I’le turne over my Patent to
 “ thee, and for that little yellow *Globe*
 “ make this great one thine. Thy most
 “ ambitious and avarous thoughts are
 “ too narrow to comprehend the moi-
 “ tie of those honours and treasures
 “ that shall spread and prostrate them-
 “ selves before thee (*my young ambi-*
 “ *tion*) I’le swell a Diamond into a
 “ grosse Mountaine, lofty as *Tenariff*,
 “ spacious as *Ida*, and will congeale a
 “ heap of Pearles into a lucid Rocke,
 “ then command *Vulcan* and his *Cyclo-*
 “ *pean* Journeymen to hew them into
 “ two faire Pallaces, which I will moor
 “ about with the wealthy streames of
 “ *Tagus*, and his golden-sanded Bro-
 “ thers, Ile furnish them with spoiles
 “ of Sea and Land, and environ them
 “ with a shade of golden Apple trees,
 tran-

“transplanted from *Hesperides*, and
“these (*my Darling*) shalt call thy
“*Pallaces of Pleasure*. I will begirt thy
“browes with such a circle as shall
“seeme to be made to shame Earths
“spangled Canopie, even when most
“gorgeously sparkling with starres, in
“nights chiefe pomp; and (believe it)
“no face shewes so beautifull as that
“that looks from under a Crowne.

“I’le rifle all Natures secret Cabi-
“nets to find Jewels worthy to embel-
“lish thy shining Scepter withall,
“with the wagging of which thou shalt
“charme all minds to subjection, as
“*Mercuries Caduceus* did *Argus* his eyes
“to slumbering.

“Make but these petty Goddesses
“subject to me, and I’le make all sub-
“ject to thee, thee to none; all the
“Spheres shall seeme to move as thou
“byapest them, the whole frame of the
“Creation depend upon thy will, thy
“frowne shall shake the world off the
“hinges, and both the Poles into an
“ague;

"ague ; thy command shall leuell
 "mountaines and raise vallies, make
 "aspiring spires kisse the *Center*, and
 "lowly stones the Sun ; thou, not for-
 "tune, shalt make of a *Consull* a *Rhetor*,
 "of a *Rhetor* a *Consull*, as if there were
 "not any fate but thy favour, no all-
 "disposing Providence, but thy plea-
 "sure.

"I'll furnish thee with a spruce Re-
 "giment of supple *Courtiers*, which
 "shall *Eccho* thee, and observe thee as
 "thy watch does thy clock ; And turn
 "like *Turkise* in thy Ring, and looke
 "well or ill with thee, and be true *Heli-*
 "*otropes* to you their Sun.

" ————— *Erit satis una.*

" *Vox ad decretum, Natus ad Imperium.*

"Thy sleightest wordlike *Persian* Law shall
 stand,

"One Nod shall be sufficient to command.

"Every Look of thine shall be a Law,
 "every Syllable a Statute, confirmed
 and

“and ratified, with a *Sic jubet Paris*,
“a foundation as strong as the *Center*.

“I’le prevaile with Nature to cre-
“ate some new Beasts, whose precious
“skins shall make the Bever and mot-
“ley *Ermine* of none account, and with
“them I’le clad thy body. I’le make a
“sturdy *Vnicorne* come and crooch at
“thy feet, thou mounted, he shall ex-
“alt his horne, and scorne the Assie that
“carried the *Egyptian Osiris*, and by
“his strutting pace prouder than or-
“dinary, shew he knowes what weight
“he beares.

“The Sun shall be thy Helmet, and
“he only with his feather-footed
“Coursiers shall be able to make the
“Foure of thy Dominions. Each
“City which thou shalt visit in thy
“Royall Progressse shall seeme on fire,
“all Steeples shall *Eccho* thy *xps*, all
“Pies and Parrots shall be taught that
“note, which the wild Burgesles of
“the Woods shall learne of them (as
“once they did of *Psappho’s* flatterers)
and

" and sing it every morning. All Con-
 " duits shall run with the richest *Fa-*
 " *lernian* Wine, all thy paths shall be
 " spread with *Simyrimis* Tapestry,
 " every street shall be throng'd with
 " Pageants, every harth shall smoake
 " with bruised *Nard* and Masculine
 " odours: the Virgins shall keep
 " Holy-day, and crowne their dangling
 " tresses with wild Ivy, every one shall
 " assume a leavy speare; every hand
 " shall be wearied with binding its
 " head with Fillets, to beare thine
 " health. Every mouth shall be full of
 " thy praises, every tongue shall sing
 " *Io*, and salute thine eare with Songs,
 " whose burdens shall be,

" *Jupiter incalis, Paris egit omnia terris,*
 " *Divisum Imperiū cum Jove Paris habet.*

" In Heaven *Jove*, on Earth *Paris*
 " sway doth beare,
 " And Territories with the Thunderer
 " share.

Now

Now did *Saturnia* retrograde, leaving
Paris thoughts gilt with the reflection of Oare and Crownes, and the birth of *Ioves* braine tooke her place and spoke after this manner.

“ I know (*green Bud of Honour*) that
“ every accent and Particle of this
“ Queens Oration tickled, and spoke
“ musicke to thine eare, and me thinks
“ I see thee even feast, nay surfeit thine
“ eye with those mountaines of profits
“ and glories she boasts of; but make
“ not thy sense the measure of things:
“ For sense like the Sun expands and
“ reveales the face of the Terrestriall
“ Globe, but conceales and scales up
“ the face of the Cœlestiall. Give eyes
“ to thy Reason, and try if thou bee’st so
“ Eagle-sighted as to discover Wisdom
“ and Knowledge in their Courtly
“ dresse, which hadst thou once glanced
“ upon with thy corporeall eyes (as
“ thou maist with thy mentall, by contemplation) thou wouldst allow nothing else faire.

“ These

“ These are the Legacies which I
 “ bequeath, these wherein Man excels
 “ Man, in that wherein Man excels
 “ Beasts, and Gods Men, Knowledge
 “ and Arts.

“ I’le make thee the *Atlas Physicus*,
 “ & *Natura Aruspex intimus*, Nature
 “ shall make thee her Cabinet-Coun-
 “ cellor, and unlocke all her jewels to
 “ thee.

“ All the *Sciences* shall be thine hand-
 “ maids, & liberally bestow themselves
 “ on thee. 1. Thy fluent tongue (the
 “ Embassador of thy mind) shall ex-
 “ presse thine *Idea’s* in such an Empha-
 “ ticke stile, with genuine words so
 “ made, and filed for the matter, as
 “ every sentence shall be a new *Gram-*
 “ *mar*.

“ 2. Thy oyley speech (the Index of
 “ thy soule) shall be deckt with *Rhe-*
 “ *toricall* flowers, as the Spring (the
 “ youth of the yeare) is with naturall
 “ ones, the sweet fragrancie whereof
 “ shall surprize every one with plea-
 “ sure,

“ sure, pleasure with liking, liking
 “ with loving, loving with faith, for
 “ what we love we beleeve best, in the
 “ superlative.

“ 3. What ever stamp thou settest
 “ upon things shall make them ster-
 “ ling, what thou *affectest* thou shalt ea-
 “ sily *effect*, what ever thou reason’st
 “ of, *pro* or *contra*, shall retaine alwayes
 “ the colours thou paintst it with, in-
 “ deleble as an *Aethiope*; all thy Argu-
 “ ments shall be received for Authen-
 “ tick *Aphorismes*, and *Ipse dixit Paris*
 “ countervaille an *Ergo*; Thy *Logicke*
 “ shall knit such *Gordian knots*, as no
 “ subtill hand of Art shall be able to
 “ untie, or edge of wit to cut asunder,
 “ but to thee every thing shall be *vox*
 “ *significans ad placitum*.

“ 4. Thy mouth shall be *Musicks*
 “ Temple, resounding with Anthems
 “ tuned with Notes above *E La*, so that
 “ *Orpheus* (the great Organist of Hea-
 “ ven) shall borrow aires from thee to
 “ set the Spheres with; and even Sy-

“ *rens*

“ *rens* shall stop their eares with wax,
 “ for feare of doting upon thee, as once
 “ *Vlysses* did his, for feare of being be-
 “ traid to their treacherous charme.

“ 5. *Philosophie* shall bestow her
 “ *Stone* on thee, and turne all thou
 “ touchest into gold, or which is more,
 “ all thou treatest on into satisfaction,
 “ the truest treasure. *Labirynthian*
 “ *Paradoxes* that are bones to others
 “ shall be milke to thee; *Anigma's*
 “ that rest in clouds to the rest, shall
 “ be all Sun to thee; and heights which
 “ others cannot soare unto by strong
 “ faith, thou shalt reach with Reason.

“ 6. Thou shalt make a new *edition*
 “ of, and *addition* to, *Arithmeticke*, and
 “ compleate her with numbers enow
 “ to count those many *Atomes* whose
 “ accidentall concourse made this big-
 “ bellied earth, and how many minutes
 “ have thrust out one another since that
 “ accident happened.

“ 7. Thou shalt make a *geometricall*
 “ girdle for the massie ball, and rec-
 “ kon

"kon how many inches make up her
 "vast dimensions; that done, like a
 "Palmer with thy *Jacobs staffe* thou
 "shalt passe beyond the firma-
 "ment.

"And that thou maiest mix pleasure
 "with profit, the sister quire shal make
 "thy head their *Parnassus*, thy mouth
 "their *Hipocrene*, whence shall flow
 "such streames of Poetick *Nectar*, as
 "shall water thy name many *Century's*
 "of yeeres hence, and render it odori-
 "ferous as the East. Thy verse shall
 "turne *Prometheus* his Vulture into
 "a wanton Pigeon, and bespangle
 "Heaven with new Starres, and fill
 "fames Roll with *Hero's*: so shalt thou
 "live by them, they by thy story;
 "they the glory of men, thou of wits.
 "Yet to compleat thee, for that small
 "circle, thou shalt ride in circuit up-
 "on the *Vehicula Scientiarum*, Lan-
 "guages, through all the severall Pro-
 "vinces of Learning; and how profi-
 "table and pleasing a thing is it to

C

"have

“ have the orbs of the mind concen-
“ trique with the orbs of the world.

“ By this thou shalt be rendred
“ more thy selfe than thou art now ;
“ for a mans understanding is the chie-
“ fest part of himselfe, according to
“ most mens accounts, as is evident,
“ in that they abhorre more to be re-
“ puted fooles, which is a defect con-
“ trary to the understanding, than to
“ be counted vicious, which is a defect
“ contrary to the will.

“ The swiftnesse of thy apprehensi-
“ on, thy penetrating judgement and
“ soaring invention, shall render thee
“ the theame of honours tongue, and
“ make every moment of thy life no-
“ table ; together with thy energy
“ of fancy, which thou (being borne
“ to a Crowne) hast more use for
“ than thy neighbours, that thou maist
“ know how to mix moralls with po-
“ liticks. For knowledge (which is
“ not onely the excellentest thing in
“ man, but the very excellency of
“ man,)

" man,) is the Basis, and Mother of all
 " the *vertues Royall*; without it there
 " can be no true *fortitude*: for Perils
 " are the daughters of Fury, and Fury
 " is a passion, and passions alwaies turn
 " to their contraries, and therefore
 " the most furious *Orlando's* when
 " their first blast is spent, are usually
 " the most pusillanimous *Dametases* or
 " *Clineases*. Without it there can be
 " no *Liberality*; for giving is but want
 " of audacity to deny, or discretion to
 " poise.

" Without it there can be no *In-*
 " *stice*; for giving to a man what is
 " his own, is but fortune, or want of a
 " corrupter, or seducer.

" Without it there can be no *Con-*
 " *stancy*, or Patience; for suffering
 " is but stupidity.

" Without it there can be no *Tem-*
 " *perance*; for we shall restraine our
 " selves from vertue, as well as from
 " vice: for he that cannot discern,
 " cannot elect or chuse. Well there-

“ fore said one of the scientificallest of
 “ my sonnes. Then shall people enjoy
 “ the height and influence of felicity,
 “ when either Kings be Philosophers,
 “ or Philosophers Kings.

“ Neither (*Delight of fortune, if*
 “ *thou pleasest*) judge of my gifts by
 “ what thou knowst of them already;
 “ no more than thou wouldst do of a
 “ Jeweller or Lapidaries store, by that
 “ onely which is set out towards the
 “ street in his shop. I have another
 “ donative in store for thee, if thou
 “ bee’st not thine own foe; thou shalt
 “ share as much of *Mars* in the hand,
 “ as of *Mercury* in the head; so that
 “ fame shall find it taske enough to
 “ imploy all her breath in, to tell the
 “ admiring world how many stubborn
 “ Nations thou hast subjugated, and
 “ how many high and arduous at-
 “ tempts thine owne single prowesse
 “ has atcheived; which shall at the
 “ same instant both delight and af-
 “ fright the Auditors. Thy name
 “ shall

" shall conquer like *Zisca's* Drumme,
 " and thy triumph be certaine before
 " the Battell ; who so stands against
 " *Paris*, by *Paris* shall fall; thy foes
 " shall be to thee as waves to a rock,
 " thou to them as fire to serne. Phi-
 " losophers and Generals shall fetch
 " their Authorities and Stratagems
 " from thee, then Oracle of wit and
 " warre; every day shall present thee
 " with a new Palme; to thy honour
 " Games shall be invented which shall
 " thrust the *Pythia* and *Olympiads* out
 " of esteeme : every champion field
 " and plaine shall stand thick with
 " Pillars, and cloud-high *Pyramids* ,
 " Temples, Statues, and *Agulicos* erect-
 " ed in memoriall of thy Trophies
 " and Victories, which shall make
 " thy terrible name Rivall with time,
 " for the victory of perpetuity.

Now retreated *Tritonia*, leaving *Pa-
 ris* building castles in the aire, and e-
 recting Trophies in his thoughts,
 when faire *Aphrodite* approached

with a world of winning majesty in her looks; and as the *Elixar* turneth all things into gold, so the Sunny beames of this illustrious Deities eyes, (whose every motion shot ten thousand *Cupids* into the hot *Phrygi-ans* soule) reflecting upon his, soon affected him with her passion, and made him ready to prostrate (without further cunctation) the *Ball*, with his glowing heart, at her feet. First she slipt downe her loose flower-embroydered mantle, and enriched his gullon eyes with the wealth of her lovely breasts, those *nectar* running fountaines, as farre excelling those two *Pallaces of pleasure* which *Inno* even now promised, as they did the humble colleges that were the mothers of the *Capitoll*; and before she opened the cherry of her lips, she *emparadised* him with a winning smile, such a one as if hell afforded the like, who would not post thither, esteeming the sulphurous flames coole, in comparison
of

of his desire of the fruition of such loveliness?

Having pleaded with his eye with such silent (though flexanimous) Oratory; she next charmed his ear, the other principall sense of inquisition, with such such like raptures,

“ Place not thy heaven (*Noblest of hearts*) in those things that have transformed earth to Hell, viz. Gold and Iron, I would have thy life (*Dearest*) more of kin to the Golden age, when no Viper cared to rip up the bowels of his mother Earth, or plunder her entrails of her best concocted dust; when there needed no elaborate circumvallations, or Trenches, no *PaliZado's* or art of Enginery, to keepe out hostile Troopes, but the unarmed people had for their defence a wall of innocence and love,

“ It will better beseme thy tongue to beare a part in some sweet oyl-melting ditties, highly pen'd, and sung

“ sung by a faire Queene in a summers
 “ bower, with ravishing division on
 “ her Lute, than to speake tearmes of
 “ mannage to a bounding steed.

“ That fresh and blooming cheek
 “ (sweet as *Aprill*, flourishing as
 “ *June*) was not made to be withered
 “ with night watchings, like an old
 “ *Apple Iohn*; nor were those blis-
 “ some of beauty bestow'd on thee to
 “ be weltred in a study, or nipt by te-
 “ dious marches. It better becomes
 “ thy bud of youth, and the flowring
 “ spring time of thine Age, to spend
 “ the naked summer in the cooler
 “ shade, and the flower winter by the
 “ hearth.

“ Make me (*Deere Wanton*) mistress
 “ of that narrow sphere, and thou shalt
 “ alwaies move in one of delight, as
 “ spacious as desire.

“ On this pleasant rising ground ile
 “ plant a chequer'd Mirtle grove for
 “ thy divertisement, on each branch
 “ whereof shall perch a plumed Cho-
 “ rister,

“rister, and there shall *Philomela*
“ (the harmelesse *Syren* of the woods)
“ ply the nimble wing from tree to
“ tree, teaching the groves to chant
“ the Legends of her Loves , and the
“ heaven she found in *Tereus* his strict
“ embraces, to tast which once more,
“ she shall wish as often as there are
“ trees wagging to her song , to reas-
“ sume her pristine shape , that she
“ might be ravished againe.

“ The pavement shall be enamel-
“ led with Violets that rol’d them-
“ selves in the cooling blood of my
“ tender *Adonis*, and weare it still for a
“ Livery. There shall the Dazies jet
“ it in their double ruffles, and griev’d
“ *Clyte* now an Heliotrope pursue
“ her coy *Titan* whom I made once to
“ follow coyer *Daphne* to as little
“ purpose. There shall the Daffa-
“ diles poure all their teares out of
“ their dewie cups; for ther’s not
“ a leafe shall be an *Umbrella* for
“ sorrow, but the pretty mixture of

“ *Flora*
s

“ *Flora’s* treasury shall make the gau-
 “ dy earth seeme another *Glaxia*, em-
 “ bossed with Starres, which shall
 “ never know sun-burnt Autum of fro-
 “ zen winter, but by *Zephyrs* flowry
 “ *Brides* shall be perfumed and ren-
 “ dred as thy selfe flourishing.

“ Here the toyling Bee’s (the Muses
 “ birds) shall make another *Hybla*, and
 “ every hollow tree shall present thee
 “ with the sweet sweat of their labour.
 “ This pallace of the spring will I wa-
 “ ter with serpent Rivolets of Milke,
 “ and *Nectar*, (fragrant as my breath)
 “ which I will sluice into small win-
 “ ding Cataracts, (as the veines in
 “ the body) to indent the ground, and
 “ moisten every part, and musically
 “ play with the blew pebles, as they
 “ wantonly glide by, and make thy
 “ sleep softer than it is.

“ Here shalt thou wash away the
 “ sweating of *Angust* in the flowing
 “ juice of the rocks, and bath in the
 “ spirits of *Iuly* flowers, Musk-Ro-
 “ ses

“ses, and blew veined Violets.

“Hither will I send a wanton *Bevie*
“of sportive waggish *Nymphs* to at-
“tend thee, and to gather for thee (as
“it was in the *Saturnian* times of yore)
“Wildings and Strawberries of the
“Wood (which shall wrinkle their
“cheeks with laughter, for joy to be thy
“messe) and to feast thy palate with
“delicious Honey, 'dropping from
“green Holy-Oakes, and with swee-
“ter too distilling from their prettily
“swelling lips, which shall be balme
“to cure the deepe wounds of Love;
“balme sweeter than the dew that lies
“on Roses when the morning opens,
“and ushers in the day with dubious
“light. Here shalt thou see nothing
“not excellent, so among such equal-
“ly eminent variety, thy observing
“eye shall not know of which to serve
“thine heart; this shall seeme mild-
“ly majesticall, that of a sweet com-
“plexion, this pleasantly entertaine,
“that charmingly allure; here shall
“stand

“ stand a proper Girle, there strut a
“ goodly ambling *Nymph*, the next a
“ gay *Brownetta*, as if *Iupiter* had hi-
“ ther brought his thefts ; among
“ these, might wandring *Cadmus* have
“ sought his missed sister, and *Ceres*
“ her *Proserpine*, every of their looks
“ shall be as attractive as the *Thracian*
“ *Lyre*, and lead all thy senses captive
“ after them.

“ I’le weave the tops of foure come-
“ ly *Sycamores* and *Mulberies* (the
“ wisest of trees) that mourne in the
“ blouds of *Pyramus* and *Thisbe*, (ha-
“ ving friendly *Vines* lovingly clas-
“ ping about their *Barkes*) into a re-
“ tiring roome ; the dropping *Wood-*
“ bine and odorous *Suckling*, with
“ the *Roses* of both heires, shall be
“ the *Arras* to line this bower with-
“ in.

“ Under this shady canopy shalt
“ thou repose, upon a green couch
“ embroybered with *Hyacinths* and
“ *Crowtoes*, and whereon my young
“ soft

“soft Paramore shall live in a pale
“anemony ; and there shall *Crocus*
“and *Smilax* (whereof the one might
“have fill’d *Nectar* in *Ganimeds* roome,
“the other have waited in *Hebes* stead)
“now changed into two pretty flow-
“ers, embrace one another , and
“smell fragrant as of late did their de-
“fires.

“ And now (*young Dardanian*) un-
“lesse thou beest frosty spirited, un-
“lesse *Alecto’s* cold poyson fills thy
“veines, I’le melt thee into amorous
“thoughts, and speake charmes to
“all thy senses, and make thee all
“flame.

“ Make me thy friend and (God-
“desse like) I sweare by the blacke
“*Stygian* fen, to throw into thine
“armes the onely perfect piece of na-
“tures pencill, by it (scorning art)
“painted of such a colour, as is the
“Ivory of *India*, distained with ver-
“million, or the snow of a Lilly mar-
“ried to the scarlet of a Rose. A
“match-

“ matchlesse Paragon whose perfecti-
“ ons shall be many and yeares few.
“ A beauty whom the best verses and
“ pencils have extol'd, the faire argu-
“ ment on which all wits shall imploy
“ their oratory; fresher and sweeter
“ than a new blown Rose-bud, whiter
“ and softer then a dying Swans down,
“ or the down of a Thistle; nimble
“ and sportive as a young Roe, wan-
“ ton as the wind, that curls her hair;
“ faire as the morning, cleere as the
“ noone, ruddy as the evening, sweet
“ as the spring (the faire mother of
“ flowers) ripe as Autum, better in
“ all things than desire; one for whom
“ *Prometheus* tempered better clay
“ than ordinary, or (to say better) he
“ composed her of soule stuffe; one
“ for whom *Clotho* kept her best and
“ finest wooll; one in whom the fates
“ meant to shame all their former
“ workes, and in her composition so
“ exhausted their treasury, as ever
“ since, such fragments of woman
“ as

“ as others are, be daily thrust into
“ the world; one upon whose peer-
“ lesse face (so full of loves and Cu-
“ pids ,) millions have waited for
“ Almcs ; one to whom Princes and
“ and wits have bent , and homaged,
“ and whole Squadrons of Lovers have
“ besieged and sought to storme, with
“ whole volleies of obedientiall oaths,
“ and the hollow *Granado's* of comple-
“ ment. She that hath been the rack of
“ thousand soules, the flame of thou-
“ sands hearts ; (who would willingly
“ have offered up themselves in their
“ owne fires sacrifices to her) she
“ shall not cost thee one sigh, or teare
“ of despaire, but shall freely come to
“ meet thy embraces , and shall eve-
“ ry day increase thy affection by new
“ merits. Tell me for Loves sake, is
“ it not more lovely to lie intertwined in
“ her foulding armes, like a Lilly im-
“ prisoned in a Jaile of snow, or Jvo-
“ ry in a band of Alablaster, than to sit
“ muffled in furies like a bedrid Miser?

“ Let

" Let desperate persons endure the
 " thunder of warre, and the haile-shot
 " of oft redoubled stroakes ; then
 " shew a rent scarce stained with (per-
 " haps innocent) bloud, as a trophe,
 " or a fragment of a torne banner ; the
 " meanest of her favours will make a
 " goodlier show. How canst thou be
 " meane, being Lord of her who is
 " beauties Kingdome ? or poor, en-
 " joying the wealth of her golden
 " haire ?

" 1 She shall be the feast of all thy
 " senses ; thou shalt see the Sun (the
 " great *Lynx* of Heaven) divided in
 " her eyes, lightning with such splen-
 " dor as put out the beholders, killing
 " and reviving with frowns and smiles
 " at pleasure ; in short, thou shalt
 " behold before thee the model of hea-
 " ven, and pride of earth.

" 2 Thou shalt smell in her breath
 " a fragrancy that admits no compa-
 " rison with the *Panthers* breath ga-
 " thered in bags, and mixt with Cre-

“ *tan* wines, or with the Eastern spi-
 “ ces on the *Phenix* pile, when she
 “ her selfe is both the Priest and the
 “ Sacrifice.

“ 3 Thy *tast* shall find in the swel-
 “ ling Apples of her breast, the *Kathe-*
 “ *rine* Peares on her cheekes, and the
 “ balme-bedewed Cherries of her
 “ lips, such sweets, with which the
 “ tongues of Nightingales, the heads
 “ of Parrats, the braines of Peacocks
 “ and Estriches, prepared (in saw-
 “ ced dishes) by the cunningest cost-
 “ neglecting Cookes, are not worthy
 “ to be named the same day.

“ 4 To thy *touch* shall ly open the
 “ warme snow and soft polished Jvo-
 “ ry of her body, which excels in soft-
 “ nesse the ranging clouds, the *Indian*
 “ Cotton, or *Cotshold* Wool, in fleek-
 “ nesse the smoothest cut Diamond, or
 “ Looking-glasse.

“ And thus (to the suspense of the
 “ listning Nightingales who grieving
 “ to heare a sweeter voice than their

D

“owne,

"owne, shall fall downe and die up-
 "on her Lute,) shall she (the Or-
 "phens of the world) charme thine
 "care,

Song.

I.

" From th' early Dawne, till *Sol* retires,
 " On beds of violets wee'l lie toying.
 " Wee'l quench, then kissing, fan loves fires:
 " Happy blisse, ther's none to this,
 " A Lovers heaven is injoying.

2.

" Cockles our Lips shall teach to cleave,
 " (whilest no *Argus* eye controules,) (soules.
 " Our spirits out at our mouths we'l breath,
 " Mine into thee, thine into me,
 " So in each kisse wee'l exchange

3.

" Wee'l mix our selves till our blouds turn
 " *Elixar*, which the Fates shall mould
 " To moddels of us, they shall burne
 " With desires, hot as our fires,
 " Whilst we in eithers armes grow
 (old.

Nay

“ Nay most of all, she shall be
“ sprung of the seed of the Gods, and
“ what an honour is it to call *Iove* Fa-
“ ther in law !

“ Wouldst have thy *Nymph* des-
“ cribed ? I might borrow heavens
“ milkie way to paint out her forehead
“ by, I might call it a plaine of Lil-
“ lies, or a shrine of snow whither
“ multitudes have come Pilgrima-
“ ges.

“ I might compare her eyes to those
“ of night, or rather that of noone,
“ and call them Spheres of light, fla-
“ ming strongly and inkindling all o-
“ thers, but that were to dishonor
“ them with the beggarlineffe of the
“ similitude. Suppose her cheekes
“ two faire gardens planted with the
“ choicest flowers of Paradise, but the
“ Lilly and the Rose are but obscure
“ types, and shadowes of those deli-
“ cate tinctures laid on her blooming
“ cheekes by *Natnres* Pencil. Ima-
“ gine her neck a Towre of Alablaster,
“ her

“ her breasts hillocks of snow inlaid
“ with Saphires, her mouth Musicks
“ Temple, deckt with two railes of
“ Pearle, her voice the chiming of
“ the Spheres : But these are but faint
“ Metaphors of her, to represent
“ whom, words are too narrow, and
“ freshest colours too dim.

“ Rather I wish that thy enlashed
“ eyes were as sharpe as an Eagles, or
“ *Tiberius* his whilest thou doest sur-
“ vey my forme, and if they spie any
“ thing in me that may challenge their
“ liking, be confident thou shalt
“ joy it in as high a perfection in that
“ Beauties heaven, who shall every
“ minute coine new artfull postures,
“ and try the variety of my stealths,
“ to make thy delight immortall; So
“ that you shall be the happiest pair
“ that fry under the Torrid Zone of
“ Love, houely in that *Elizium*
“ quenching and renewing your hearts,
“ and letting your selves loose to the
“ freedom of uncontrouled embraces.

“ If

“ If thou hast a fancy to invent arts
 “ and try conclusions, here shalt thou
 “ have fit opportunity to surpasse
 “ *Ovid* and *Arctine*, and become Pro-
 “ fessor in THE CYPRIAN ACA-
 “ DEMY.

“ If Armes and Duells comply
 “ with thy Humor, thou shalt never
 “ want action, the soule of Love, her
 “ paps like two Pomegranates rising
 “ up on either side with a gentle and
 “ tempting swelling, shall as they
 “ beat, give both a signall, and a chal-
 “ lenge to the encounter. And when
 “ thou art foiled, and cast into a qual-
 “ mie sound, one kisse shall infuse
 “ new spirits into thy panting limbes,
 “ and arm thee for a fresh charge; and
 “ thou shalt alwaies be above thy sweet
 “ foe (the ex ract of delight) in these
 “ feates of Armes; these not destru-
 “ ctive but productive warres, instead
 “ of killing the Champions shall pro-
 “ duce new ones. Thus (*Happy man-*
 “ *ton* so loved of all the Starres) shall

“pleasure become thine handmaid,
 “and the crop of thy joyes be ripe
 “as harvest in the *Aprill* of thy
 “yeeres.”

These airy blandishments and raptures, made the hot *Phrygian* big with the desire of their accomplishment, and quite chased the glory of Crownes and Triumphant Charriots out of his head, and drown'd all their pleasures in the thoughts of the sweet fruition of his Queene of sport and Loveliness, who did already swimme in his fancy, his thoughts dwelt no where but on her, whom like another soule, he longed to enjoy. As *Phaeton* at the first did fearefully admire even the Pallace of *Phabus*, but anon fearelesse adventure even the presence of *Phabus* : So *Paris* who even now trembled at the Goddesses Port, was now bold enough to reject two of them; without the least conflict in himself which to make his Patronesse, with a fixed resolution, and a wandering eye,
 “he

he spake in such a Dialect.

“ A flowry chaplet subtly woven
 “ by the cunning hand of a *Wood*
 “ *Nymph*, is a sweeter and lighter wear
 “ than a Crowne, which causes the
 “ headach with its weight, and car-
 “ ries a crosse on its top, and is com-
 “ monly as deep and thick inlaid with
 “ troubles as *Jemmes*. The whole
 “ lives of Princes are like a Chesse-
 “ board, or their *Ermynes*, they have
 “ as many black spots as white, wher-
 “ fore they shake hands with freedom
 “ (the splendor of life) that gape af-
 “ ter such gilded toiles, which when
 “ they are possessed of, they had need
 “ borrow ambitious mens conceits to
 “ thinke themselves happy, the Gall
 “ is so predominant over the Honey.

“ I am heir to one Crown by birth,
 “ and *Love* grant that *Liberty and Pri-*
 “ *viledge* do not juffle that off my
 “ head, which if they doe, I will scarce
 “ lift it thither againe; for Sove-
 “ raigne Monarchs are like the celesti-

"all bodies, they have much veneration,
 "tion, but no rest. It was the desire of *power* that flung Angels out
 "of Heaven, and the fever of *knowledge* that thrust man out of Paradise : wherefore neither do I desire
 "to be reared to that slippery height, whence a fall will dash me
 "in pieces, like those wretched creatures that are drawn higher the more
 "to be *strapped* ; nor doe I thirst to drink of the *Horses spring*, or drench
 "my selfe in *Castaly*, I mean not to undertake a *Pilgrimage* to *Athens*, an
 "unwearied travell after wit, nor care I (like wormes) to feed upon old
 "bookes, some whereof tell us that *Pride precedes a fall* ; now whats a
 "greater stirrup for pride than much knowledge ? which to this day retaines
 "in it somewhat of the Serpent (its first Atturney) wherefore when
 "it enters into a man it makes him swell, *Scientia inflat*.

"I'le never be Rivall to those candle-

“dle-wasters, that alwaies stinke of
“Lamp oyle, in woing any coy Art
“but Musicke : for what serves your
“sleepy Astronomy but to enhance
“the price of Night caps, and furr’d
“Gownes, and to make men catch
“cold? I’le not tie mine eyes to the
“Starres as if I were made the *Argus*
“of the Heavens, to watch the wan-
“dring planets motions, none of which
“I’le ever trace but *Venus*. If you
“will needs have me taken with Arts,
“I like better the art of giving than
“taking of lives. I desire not to
“warne me by that fire struck in the
“Devils tinderbox, War *alias* Woe,
“that *common wrack* of *common-weales*.
“Let my brother *Hector* decke his
“pride with scarres, and make fine
“lame shewes of his wounds, in hope
“rotten Fame wil make him the bur-
“then of her song; for my part I de-
“sire not to see the inside of *Ianus* his
“temple; but may Turtle footed peace
“ever dance Fairy rings in my Land.

" I love not blacke and blew prow-
 " esse, nor is it musicke to mine eare
 " to heare bones rattle with magnani-
 " mity. Fortitude is a vertue of the
 " *Iron Age*, and a goodly vertue sure
 " which even drunkenesse can in-
 " duce? Shall I learne of the *Gyants*
 " (that God contemning race) to af-
 " fest thrones, and so become a mark
 " for *Ioves* Thunderbolts? or of *Cad-*
 " *mus* his harvest of men to love figh-
 " ting, and so water the earth with my
 " bloud in recompence for bearing
 " me? No, with Regality dwels cares,
 " with arts unrest, with armes dangers;
 " but Love is the true embleme of
 " Heaven, or rather Heaven upon
 " Earth, for Heaven is more the joy
 " than the place. Love is made up of
 " the Elixar of delights; shall I then
 " invite feare for my Comrade, and
 " Trouble for my bedfellow? and re-
 " ject that excellently excellent
 " Nymph, so faire, so gentle, so good,
 " so shap'd, so quallified? no Deare
 " arme-

" arme-full of Roses and Lillies, thy
 " embrace shall be my ambition, thy
 " armes my court, thy breast my field,
 " thy bed my tent, thy eyes my books;
 " And you faire *Cypria* my Patroneſſe,
 " to whom as to the worthieſt I ad-
 " judge the *Golden Orbe*, which with
 " my better ſervice, (rare Summary
 " of beauty, therefore of deſert) may
 " it pleaſe your Deity to accept.

This diſpoſall made the two reject-
 ed Goddeſſes his inexorable adverſa-
 ries, and moſt Philomathies and
 Martialiſts his criticall cenſurers, he
 is onely cry'd up for a *Minos* of good
 judgement among Amorists and Beau-
 ries, one out of which number (between
 whom and her that bore away the *Gol-
 den prize* there is no difference but a
 Mole and a Name) one (who had ſhe
 been in the number of the competi-
 tors the *Apple* muſt have been divi-
 ped between *Erycina* and her) whoſe
 leaſt command is more obligatory
 with me than an act of Parliament,
 have

have enjoyed me to *Apologize* for him, and to say somewhat in applause of his preferring before the rest the faire *Paphyan* Queene, whom I implore to be President at the rites, and to inspire me whilst I plead hers and her Judges cause; and I wish that to delineate her deserts and omnipotence, I had a quill snatcht from the wing of her amifying Sonne, and dipt in the *Nectar* of her own Milk.

But I will not make *Minda's* large gates to my little City, nor dwell long upon a Proem, for to make too much preamble is tedious, and to make none at all, but blunt.

To unpassioned men, this *Trojans* judgement will not appeare like that of *Aesops* Cocke, that prefer'd the Barly kernell before the Jewell; or of *Vlyses*. *Qui vetulam prætulit immortalitati*; or of *Mydas*, who being elected Judge between *Apollo* President of the *Muses*, and *Pan* Captaine of the sheepish Squadrons, judg'd for plenty;

ty ; or of the Assè in the fable, who prefer'd the Cuckø's note before the Nightingales ; but of a nobler, and more reasonable nature, as will concisely appear by these few animadversions.

First, in respect of himselfe, common policy prompted this Prince to this disposall, for he being made Umpire between three Deities whereof he must make one his friend, and two his enemies, it was his wisdom to winne favour with the most Potent, which was indubitably *Venus*, if we may take an estimate of power from the extent of dominions, and largesse of command and conquest ; all which are so cleerely *Cypria's* as they leave no place for opposition, or objection. Its true *Iuno* commands the World, but *Venus* monarchizes in the most unlimited manner of sovereignty over millions of worlds, if it will passe for sterling that every man is a *Microcosme* ; and though some sonnes
of

of Earth are so inthrall'd to sense as *Saturnia* swaies in some of these lesser worlds too, yet many are so refined from earth and ignorance, as they acknowledge no alleagance unto her, but he that submits not to the scepter of the *Paphian* *Queene* is a Rebelle against nature, and but the shadow of a man; but such stubborne ones are as rare as a horse in the streets of *Venice*, or a beggar in *Holland*. *Petronius* indeed once blasphemed and wrote Satyrs against our Goddesse, but he soone sung a *Palinodia*, and spent his last breath in chanting of amorous Odes.

This is that powerfull Planet that makes not onely rationall but irrational, not onely the animate, but inanimate creatures, and vegetables feel her influxious power. So that she commands the three soules that animate the world, the vegetative, the sensitive, and the rationall, one whereof is infused into Plants, two into Beasts, all into Men. No creature (as Saint

Hierome

Hierome concludes) is to be found
Quod non aliquid amat, no stock or
 stone that hath not some feeling of
 Love.

Even Flowers and Plants feele her
 influence, the faire Primrose (the
 first borne of the spring) if forsaken
 of the masculine flower, droopes and
 withers disconsolate, as if she kept her
 beauty onely for him. The Helio-
 trope was inamoured of Golden-
 hair'd *Titan*, and still at his presence
 unmaskes (as if he came to court
 her) and converts towards him; the
 Vine, the Elme, the Cabbage and
 the Olive dote upon and manacle one
 another in their armes; the Olive
 and the Mirtle intwine their roots and
 branches if they grow neer.

Palme trees are of both sexes, and
 expresse not a sympathy, but a Love
 passion.

Vivunt in Venerem frondes, omnisque vi-
cissim,

Felix arbor amat, nutant ad mutua Pal-
me
Fadera,

*Fadera, Populeo suspirat Populus ictu,
Et Placano Placanus, Alnoque assibilat
Alnus.*

Leaves sing their Loves, Each comple-
mentall tree

In courtship bowes, the amorous Palmes
wee see

Confirm their leagues with nods, Pop-
lars inchaine

Their armes, the Plane infettereth the,
Plane.

Florentius tells us of a Palme that
loved most fervently, and would not
be comforted untill her Love applied
it selfe unto her, you might see the
two trees bend, and of their owne ac-
cord stretch out their boughs to em-
brace, and kisse each other. They
marry one another, and when the wind
brings the smell to them they are mar-
velously affected: they will be sicke
for love, ready to die and *Pine* away,
which the Husbandman perceiving,
strokes those Palmes that grow toge-
ther,

together, and so stroaking again the Palme that is inamoured, they carry kisses from the one to the other, or weaving their Leaves or Boughes into a Love-net, they will prosper and flourish with a greater braverie. But the grēatest Triumph of Love in these kind of Vegetalls was in the two *Italian* Palmes, the Male growing at *Brundisium*, the Female at *Otranto*, which continued Barren, till they saw another (growing up higher) though many *Stadiums* asunder.

Dionea is that Omnipotent Power that puts motion into a Stone, and strikes fire from Ice, and makes cold water sensible of her heat: this is shee that made the amorous Brook *Alpens* pursue the coy and flying River *Arcthusa*, from the *Stymphalin* Woods, (piercing earths hidden Bowells) through cold *Emyranthus* and *Ellis*, till they ran both in one Channell, and ming'ed Waves.

E

Flumina

Flumina senserunt ipsa quid esset amor.

Triumphant Love hath made cold wa-
ter fire,
And give and take the flame of warme
Desire.

The nimble Birds are overtaken by
Cupids nimbler wings, and annually c-
lect their *Valentines*. What a perfect
Harmonia of affection is there between
the Turtle and his deare mate? whose
continuall billing shames *Diana*, and
her Icy-fouled traine. What a ze-
alous adorer of our Goddesse is the
wanton Sparrow, who empties him-
selfe of all his Radicall moysture in
her Rites, and at three yeares end,
(when that Columne of life fails him)
offers up his dry bones a Sacrifice to
her. The Eagle of *Sestos*, and Peacocke
of *Leucadia* were both betrayed to the
Love of Virgins, and having zealously
served them here, followed them to
Elizium;

Elizium, as that wonder of a Dog did his Master *Sabinus*. *Aristotle* will have birds to sing *ob faturam Venerem*, for joy and hope of their stealthes to come.

The *Idalian* Archer makes the Inhabitants of the foulds his Bulls too, and pierces the Armour of their glittering scales; he placed among his Trophies the sluggish Whales, the *Triton* of *Epirus*, the crook-backed Dolphin that was inamored of *Hernias*, and him (at *Puteoli*) that loved a childe and would carry him upon his backe as the Lord of his Affections, and after dyed for losse of him. *Pisces ob amorem marcescunt, pallescunt, &c.* Fishes pine away for love, and wax leane, if *Gomesius* Authority may be taken, and are Rampant too; some of them. *Venus* takes *Diana's* worke out of her hands, and wounds and intangles in her toyles the four-footed Citizens of the Forrest. *Furor est insignis equarum*. How insa-

tiabie is the Leacherous Goat ? The
 Cowes runne and lough in the Val-
 ley, and the fiercer beasts make the
 trees quiver and be all Aspin, at their
 roaring not for their Prey, but absent
 Loves; *Cupid* is as familiar with Lions
 as Children with Cosset Lambes, and
 often-times gets on their backs, hol-
 ding them by the Maines, and riding
 them about like Horses, whilst they
 fawne upon him with their tailes.

*Omne adeò Genus in terris hominumque
 ferarum,*

*Et genus aquoreum, pecudes, pictæque vo-
 lucres*

*In furias ignemque runt, amor omnibus
 idem.*

All kinde of Creatures in the earth, beasts
 grim,

And men, and fish with golden gills that
 swim,

And painted birds alike to rage doe flie,
 Thus Love beares equall sway, in Earth,
 Sea, Skie.

Lest

Left any thing should escape her,
 she caught that nimble wonder of
 volacity, the Winde its selfe *Boreas*,
 he that in his rage tosses the blew Bil-
 lowes, curling their monstrous heads,
 and teares up knotty Oakes, and
 makes the massie Ball to stagger (like a
 drunken man) when he flies through
 her hollow entrailles and crannies, she
 made this Fury turne all mildnesse,
 and convert himselfe into gentle brie-
 fes, to fanne *Orythia's* rosie faire haire,
 whom being denyed he bore away in a
 blast.

The Spirits of the Aire, and De-
 vills of Hell are subject to Love, else
 what meane the Stories of *Incubus* and
Succubus, of *Nymphs*, *Faunes*, *Satyres*,
Faires, and those lascivious *Telchines*,
 about whom the *Platonists* spent so
 many Pen-ploughed Reams of Paper?

Excellently said that well-worded
 Noble *Italian*, *Baptista Guarini*, in
 his Matchlesse Pastorall, *Il Pastor*

fido, upon this Theame :

—————Look round about,
Examine the whole Universe throughout,
All that is faire or good, here or above,
Or is a Lover, or the work of Love.
Th' all-seeing Heaven, the fruitfull Earth's
a Lover,
The Sea with Love is ready to boyle over.

Pallas has but few Subjects, and these
adore *Venus* too ; nay, shee her selfe
may be call'd (without *Solacisme*) *Venus*
her hand-maid, for Valour is a
Page to Love, not Love to Valour ;
for none in that Valiant are taken
with this Love, but once wounded
with Love, they become so, and un-
dantedly undergoe all perrills for the
beloved.

*Improbe amor quid non mortalia pectora
cogis.*

Tyrant Love, what canst not thou
Compell poore mortall men to doe ?

The

The valiantest Field-men have been no Niggards of their bloud in Loves quarrell, which sharpens their Swords aswell as their Spirits. What made *Persius* combate that immense Prodigie of Nature and the deep, *Medusa*, that drove the broad-spread waves before his mighty breast, but the Love of *Andromede*? and having loosed her from her Gyves, (farre unworthy of so faire a Prisoner) and changed them for *Hymens* sweeter Bands, What made *Phineus* rashly turne the Nupti-
all Feast into a Sanguinary Fray, and make the clashing of bruised Armour and groanes of his dying friends his *Epithalamion* Notes, but the Love he bore to the same illustrious Lady?

Arithmetick wants Numbers to reckon the Tilts and Turnaments, the Combates, Wounds, and Deaths, that such quarrells have caused, whilst the brave Aspects of lovely Dames did *Tantara* to the fight, and their favours wag in fight.

Its

It's no newes to heare that *Erycina* takes Victory its selfe Prisoner, and makes the Victor Captive to his Captive, as she did the redoubted *Amphialus* to the divinely divine *Philoclea*, *Iupiter* to *Calisto*, & *Hercules* (the scourge of Monsters) to faire *Omphale*; to comply with whose humour, hee left off his Lions spoile, to weare (*Sardanapalus*-like) womens soft Robes, and with those hands with which he drew bloud, hee drew the slender thread, (which trembled to bee spun by such terrible fingers) and held a feeble Distaffe with that arme which used to beare the knotty Club, and thresh Tyrant Champions like a bunch of Hempe, or a Stock-fish. These were his Interludes between his Acts, and when his *Ribs* were well beaten, and grew *crasie*, then would he retreat into her Lap (the Bay of sweet Delight) as into Loves Port, to be new bursts for further engagement.

Cupid

Cupid has made the whole body of Philosophy and Divinity too, to tremble at the twang of his bow, the greatest Masters of Wit and Reason have coveted no higher subject to heighten their Fancies than great Loves Supremacy, and the Encomiums of some Beauty. How did sweet-tongu'd *Petrarch* trudge up and down after *Laura*? How was Loves great Master *Ovid* enamoured of bright *Iulia*, (the Jewell of his soule) and Celebrated her excellencies and their stealths under the maske of *Corinna*? Did not *Cytheris* possesse *Cornelius Gallus* his soule, and *Plautia Tibullus* his? Did not smooth *Propertius* place his heaven in *Cynthia's* Love, who being ravished from him by injurious *Atropos* in the heat and hight of their best dayes, how did it cracke his Sinewes, shrinke his Veines, and make his very heart-strings jarre, and so enthrall'd him to Melancholy *Don Saturne*, as hee lockt himselfe up in her
Tombe,

Tombe, who alive served in stead of a tenth *Muse* unto him : of which wittily the Epigrammatist :

*Cynthia te vatem fecit Lascive Properti,
Ingenium Galli Pulchra Lycoris habet,
Fama est Argui Nemesis formosa Tibulli,
Lesbia dictavit docte Catulle tibi.
Non me Pelignus, nec spernit Mantua vatem,
Si qua Corinna mihi, si quis Alexis erit.*

Wanton *Propertius*, and witty *Gallus*,
Learned *Catullus*, and subtle *Tibullus*,
To *Cynthia*, *Lycoris*, *Lesbie*,
And *Nemesis* you owe your Poetry:
Naso, nor *Maro* should not call me bad,
If I a *Corinna*, or *Alexis* had.

Mercury, (whose *Caduceus* is said to assuage the rage of the Sea, in that contentions are appeased by the flexanimous power of Eloquence, and discreet Negotiation of Embassadors) he who was said to steale *Apollo's* Arrow out of Quiver, *Vulcans* Tools out of his shop, and *Iupiters* Scepter, (shew-

(shewing the bewitching force of his
facundity) was not hee Love-strucke
when hee saw *Herse* bearing to *Trito-*
nia's fane her Sacrifice, in a crowned
Basket, upon her shining haire? and
how did hee bend his wits to sollicite
her sister *Aglauros* to procure him ac-
cesse?

Nay, *Apollo* himselfe, the Inventer
of Poesie, Musick, and Physick, elat-
ed for his Victory over the ugly *Py-*
thon, found *Cupids* Shaft the most pre-
valent, when he pursued the over-much
loved, but over-much hating *Daph-*
ne, over the uncouth Rocks, craggie
Clifts, and narrow Mazes of the
Woods.

Againe, the Celestiall heat was in-
flamed by a Terrestriall, and he who u-
sed to look indifferently upon all, cared
to see none but *Lencothoe*, for whom
his looks waxed so pale, a colour su-
table to his grieve. Afterwards being
banished heaven for a year, for slaying
the

the *Cyclops* that made the Lightning that slew his Sonne *Phaëton*, he turned Herds-man, and kept the cattell of *Amesius* King of *Thessaly*, for the love he bore to his faire Daughter.

Afterwards he assumed those Weeds againe, to enjoy *Issa*, Daughter of *Macarius* Prince of *Lesbos*, so unmajestical is Majesty where Love hath a footing. This is that ancient passion that vies Antiquity with any time, as *Phædrus* contends, and was (according to *Hesiod*) begot by *Terra* and *Chaos*, before the gods were borne.

Ance Deos omnes primum generavit amorem.

Love is the elder Sister of the gods,
Or Mother that gave them beings, & abodes.

Cupid is more than quarter Master among the gods; *Thetide aquor*, *Umbrae*, *Aëre*, *Cælum* love, &c. For prooffe of this Antiquity of Loves Supremacy, History tells us that this Fire
(which

(which some think to be that that *Prometheus* fetcht downe from heaven) burnt so hot in old *Saturne*, (the Father of the gods) as it made him willing to goe out of himselfe, and become a horse to beget *Chiron* the *Centaure* on *Philira*, and ever since it hath ruled the three Provinces, (with their Rulers) that his Dominions were divided into, viz. Hell, Sea, and Heaven ; excellently expressed by that Poet Laureat (to whose Name, Wit and Art must bow, and are justified only by honouring it) in his Hue and Cry after *Cupid* in his Marriage *Maske*.

At his sight the *Sunne* hath turn'd,
Neptune in the Waters burn'd,
Hell hath found a greater heat ;
Iove himselfe forsook his Seat.
From the *Center* to the Skie,
Are his Trophies reared high.

So that it was no Heresie in *Orpheus* to
make

make a petty *Pope* of him, and give him the Keyes of heaven and hell, *Claves habet superiorum & inferiorum*. Nor was his Herald *Ovid* out of the Story, when he thus blazed his Stile;

Regnat & in superos jus habet ille Deos.

Love commanded Pitchy *Pluto* (that holds the inferior Province of the triparted world) to ravish *Proserpina*, from the sedgy Banks of *Pergusa* Lake. Love made the green *Glassie* god of Waves to bow his *Trident* to her Scepter.

In mare nimirum jus habet orta mari.

Shee that from the Ocean sprung,
Hath right to rule the Waves among.

This watry *Proteus* became for *Arne* a Bull, for *Ephimedia* the turbulent River *Enipus*, for *Bisalpida* a Ramme, for *Ceres* and *Medusa* a Horse, for *Melanthe* a Dolphin, &c.

And

And lest Heaven should remaine
 freer than Earth, Sea, and Hell, Love
 struck great *Iupiter*, the scatterer of
 three-forked lightning, with the li-
 kings of *Io*, *Semele*, *Latone*, *Alcuma*,
 &c. And made him Metamorphose
 himselfe for *Europa* into a Bull, (and
 put himself to graze that he might lick
 her hands whoised him with flowers)
 for *Danae* into a storme of Gold, in
 which shape he stormed *Acrisius* his
 Tower, (and here he made *Iuno*, Gold,
 serve *Venus*, Love,) for *Astrea* into an
 Eagle, for *Leda* into a Swan, for *An-
 tiope* into a Satyr, for *Agina* into a
 Flame, for *Mnemosyne* into a Shep-
 heard, for *Dois* into a Serpent, for
Calisto into a Wood-Nymph or Nun,
 so much hee esteemed his pleasure a-
 bove his state: So as *Lucians Iuno*
 call'd him *Ludus amoris*, *Cupids Whir-
 legig*.

I need not here insert how *Bacchus*
 became a Grape for *Erigone*, or remem-
 ber

ber the rest of the Gods stealths; it's sufficient to prove *Aphrodite* the potentest of them all, in that all vaile to her and her sonne, she to none. Wisely therefore did *Paris* to dispose of the *Ball*, so as hee made the Ruler of the triple world his friend with it.

Secondly, I applaud his judging for the Sea-born Queen, when I consider the quality of the gifts that the three goddesses were Mistresses of. The one could lade his head with Starry Crownes, the Badges of the gods, and ambition of men: but why should his great mind stoop to that Lure which even a *Cynick* could disdain? Did not *Diogenes* preferre his Tub before the Luculent Throne of *Alexander* the Great, the whole worlds terror? which proud humility so pleased that mighty *Hero*, as hee thought that carelesse Snails condition better than all mens, but his owne, wherefore he broke out into such expressions, *I could wish to*
be

be Diogenes *if I were not* Alexander ; but he and they that stand upon the pinacles of State, need not boast their slippery height, but remember they walke not upon a *Helix* that still enlargeth, but upon Fortunes wheele, whereof having reached the top they must descend to the lower spokes, as did *Darius* the Potent, *Osman* the Proud, (whom a *Ianizarie* dispatched) *Belizarus* the valiant, *Crasus* the rich, *Priamus* the faire, *Nero* the cruell, *Seianus* the haughty, *cum multis aliis quæ nunc, &c.* More wretched in the evening of their lives than *Irus*, for *miseram est fuisse felicem*, Had I wist is an idle speech. Whether doe these Crowns and Scepters the worlds *magnalia*, but indeed the bals and rackets of Fortune, hurrie men ? through how many restlesse nights and lesse restfull thoughts doe they chase these sweet bitter joyes ? as the more we grasp the theevish sands, the faster they steale through our fingers:

gers : so is content the farther from them the more they seeke it in the fading glories of the world, which like an *Ignis fatuus* first lead them through wild untrodden paths, then by vast airy thoughts to that Precipice, whence they fall and are torne like *Absyrus*.

Inno could also have made him Master of inexhaustible mines of gold, the soul of the world, the price of lives and Lawes, the *Terminus ad quem*, to which most actions are byased : but why should a Prince make that his Ruler which *Plato* banisheth from his Common-wealth, as the mother and nurse of vice, and an envious spirit exciting to sacriledge and murder ? This was too poore a bait to take Nobilitie, which was sleighted even by the Shepheards of *Arcadia*, a happy people, wanting little, because they desired not much. But this meanes *Paris* kept himselfe from the fever of avarice, for such is the sacred hunger of gold, that
who

who so enjoys most of it, seeks (*Volpone* like) by sordid penury to accumulate more. But is it not the height of folly to live poore all a mans life, to die rich?

The other Goddesse could have decked his head with ever springing *bayes*, and fill'd his hand with triumphant *Palme*, the price of blood and sweat. I confesse it was some unhappinesse that he looked upon these with so transient, and carelesse an eye: eye said I? had it been in the power of his Opticks to have reached such objects, as Prowesse (the metall) and Knowledge (the varnish of a man,) it would have removed all hesitations and scruples from him, and made him have devoted himselfe to the Lady of such treasure, and Lovelinesse:

*Non per Deos, aut Pictor posset,
Aut Staurarius ullus fingere,
Talem pulchri iudicem, qualem Pallas habet.*

Nor Gods, nor rare *Vandicke*, nor *Raphael*
 brave,
 Nor nice *Pyrgoteles*, that in Pearles did
 grave,
 Can feigne ſuch Beauty as Arts & Proweſſe
 have.

But how could he be taken with this
 amability ſince it was not viſible? ſince
Aristotle (Natures great Secretary)
 affirms, *Nemo amore capitur, niſi qui*
fuerit ante forma ſpeciēq; delectatus, no
 man loves but he who was firſt delight-
 ed with the comlineſſe and formaſitie
 of the object?

The true *Idea* of valour and wiſe-
 dome *Paris* could hardly forme in his
 mind, but he might eaſily throng his
 head with thoughts of tedious mar-
 ches, dangerfull attempts, ſleep-break-
 ings, night-watchings, mortall wounds,
 and thouſand other *Gorgons* heads that
 ſenſe held out to deterre him; ſo that
 who could imagine he ſhould aſpire
 to

to that as a reward, of the perill and trouble whereof he had a full prospect, and but an eclipsed glimpse of the glory? He saw but the thornes that hid the Roses, and even this glimpse was much clouded by the refulgence of the third Deity, the beames of whose eyes (those twinnes of light) so dazzled his, as he could looke at no other object, so fares it with a man that forces his eyes against the Sun. The eye and the eare be the *Cardinall* senses of inquisition; and though the eare is the conduit-pipe of Faith, which (as sacred Rolls report) comes by hearing, yet certaine it is, that the eye takes in the perfecter notions, and presents the truest *Idea's* to the mind, and that one ocular witness is worth ten auricular.

Suppose a couple of Apples were profered to a child, the one as faire as any in Sun-burnt Autumns store, as beauteuous as that which tempted *Eve*, but of no extraordinary operation, the

other but of an indifferent rind, and somewhat withered with lying, but restorative, and of an excellent vertue, would any one blame the child (seeing he cannot see the intrinsique worth of the other) for chusing that which gave a pleasant taste to the eye, before it was seized by the teeth? No more cause have we to chide with *Paris* for rejecting of *Pallas* for *Venus*, since he could not discern the worth and beauty of the one, (it being hid in the secret Cabinet of her soule) but might of the other, since his eyes were full Masters of the rare object of her exquisite Phisnomy, and divine feature, with which sweet looks she caught all her beholders by the eye-lids; and being so rarely faire, he might well thinke her as rarely vertuous, for *vultus index animi*, the frame and composition of the mind doth follow the frame and composition of the body: so where the bodys furniture is beauty, the minds must

must needs be vertue, grace and beauty are so wonderfully annexed, so sweetly and gently allure our soules, that they confound our judgment, and cannot be distinguished, which made the ancient *Poets* put the three *Graces* still in *Venus* company, as attending upon her, and holding up her traine.

Neither is the reward that *Venus* could have bestowed on *Paris* to be set in the reere, but deserves to be ranked in the first file of desert; and if we consider *Paris* as *Paris*, and not as a Prince, hers of all the rest was most necessary for him, she could restore his rib to his side, which who so misseth, wants halfe of himselfe.

His fortune might play her selfe, and suffer one that had more yron than he, to take away all his gold, for fortune is like *April* in raine, or the Moone in the last Quarter, it will soone change; but *Venus* could throw into his armes a friend without change, a Play-fellow

without strife, that after his thoughts had kept full *Termes*, and been drowned in the deep *Idea's* of State, could have brought him cheerfull and *vacant* intervalls, and proved the best *Heleborum* against Melancholy. Did he desire to extend his life beyond his life, and make the *Ages* to come his owne? she in requitall of his Princely embraces, could yeeld him reall fruits of his love, little living *Pictures* of himselfe, that should alwayes carry him about them, and transmit him to posterity, they to eternity. Thus might he swallow time its selfe, and outlive himselfe.

Euen *Inno* afterwards thought this the most prevalent Argument, and therefore the chiefe motive she used to *Polus* to let loose his destructive breath upon *Aeneas*, and his fragments of *Troy*, as he was transporting of *Ilium* over the angry Sea to *Italy*, was, that she would give him *Deiopia* for a Salary.

In-

*Incute vim ventis, submersasq; obrue puppes,
Aut age diversas, & disjice corpora ponto.
Sunt mihi his septem praestanti corpore Nym-
pha,*

*Quarum, quae forma pulcherrima, Deiopeiam
Connubio jungam stabili, propriamq; dicabo:
Omnes ut tecum meritis pro talibus annos
Exigat, & pulchra faciat te prole parentem.*

Lend crosse winds strength to make the ca-
pring brine

To kisse the Moor, and swallow every Pine;
A beavie of twice seven faire Nymphs are
mine :

Bright *Deiopeia*, that the rest outshine
As far as they doe others, shall be thine ;
And her to thee with Nuptiall bands I'll
twine ;

She for such merits shall spend all years with
thee,

And make thee Sire of a faire Progenie.

And its more than probable that *Juno*
would have used this Argument to
Paris, but that she knew she should have
been outbidden by the Queen and Mo-
nopolist

nopolist of Beauty.

Thirdly, I cannot but subscribe to *Paris* his sentence, when I ruminate upon the penalties that either of the Deities could inflict upon him for rejecting of them.

Juno could damme up the rich streams of yellow *Tagus* (whose soame is Amber, and gravell Gold) from running into his coffers, but no matter, for how could he know want that enjoyed *Io*es daughters fair hair? and the freshest Corall (alas too meane a word) the rubies of her Lips, and her Sunny eyes (the staine of Diamonds) the two centers of beauty, wherein all the lines of Love met? *In tota rerum Natura, nihil forma divinius, nihil augustius, nihil pretiosius*, saith *Isocrates*, In all Natures treasure there is nothing so divine and sacred, nothing so precious and Majesticall as Beauty, its Natures Crowne, Gold, and Glory; *bonum si non summum de summis tamen non infrequenter triumphans.*

phans. *Minerva* might make her Mysteries of Philosophy strangers to him, and unlock her secrets to more quicksilver'd spirits, who yet were below his envy; for how many Princes break their sleep with the *Quiditis* of *Ens*, or poring upon *Aristotles* intricate questions in the realitie of *Numerus*? And yet their governments miscarry not, they having the most refined wits, and mature judgements to be their *Participes curarum*, and band opinions with them for the safety of their Monarchies. As for her other gift, *Conquest*, he desired rather (like a good Patriot) to have his Land deckt with Peace, and the child of Peace, good husbandry, than watred with his enemies bloud, or glutted with their fat, knowing that the shining title of a Conquerour did indeed little help to the happinesse of life. But whar if he had been strong as *Hercules*, valiant as *Hector*, could his force have ransomed *Troy* from ruine?

or

or underpropt the proud Palaces of *Priamus*? No, said his excellent Brother that dyed laden with so many trophies of Honour:

——— *Si Pergama dextra
Defendi possunt, etiam hac defensa fuissent.*

If any Hand could have defended *Troy*,
This hand had stav'd off her annoy.

Few Columnes are gilded with the Memorials of any victory obtained only by the Generals single Valour.

But *Venus* that had his heart in her hand could have made the torrent of his affections run in what channel she pleased, and doted upon some deformed *Mopsa*, some rotten trunk and rusty face, the spoile of Age and triumph of ugliness, whom (when the scales were fallen from his eyes) he should have discovered to have been a Beldame foule as the beast that suckled him, then would her harsh haire (which once he thought

thought finer than flax) appeare near
 allyed to Foxes Furre, her complexion
 Cousin germane to the swart *Indian*, or
 tawney *Moore* ; her breath (which once
 he thought fragrant as the West wind)
 should then smell like an Obolet able
 to blast a flower, and her whole com-
 position prove the torment of his eyes,
 and this plague he could no way fly :

*Quo fugis ab demens, nulla est fuga, in licet
 usq;*

Ad Tanaim fugias, usq; sequetur amor.

Ho whither Lover ? no flight is left for you,
 Clime heaven, foud hell, stil will your flame
 pursue.

Or *Venus* in revenge might have trans-
 fixt his heart with a golden shaft, his
 Mistresses with a leaden one, to make
 her hate ; her that might have carried
 life in her looks, death in her mouth,
June in her eyes, *January* in her heart,
 and what a torment this would have
 proved,

proved, let the pale cheeks of *Apollo* and *Petrarch* testifie.

4. Another reason that induceth me to stand to his award, is, because he judged for the most innocent and blamelesse of the competitors, her whose life was not stained with so many spots as the others. *Iuno* had a black soule in her not faire body. No visor can maske her cruelty to *Pious Aeneas*, and his weather-beaten Navy (which the high hand of Providence had pluckt (as firebrands) out of *Troyes* flames) and to poore *Io*, whom her anger transformed to a heifer, and committed to so rigorous a Guardian as boorish *Argus*, who bound her yvory necke with an unworthy halter, and fed her with bitter sallads, (who deserved *Ambrosia*) and watred her at the brook (which when she went to tast, she oft ran back, as afraid of her owne face) who merited *Nectar*, and allowed her the earth only (not alwayes green) for her

her bed, once not unworthy of the thunderer himselfe. No lesse cruell was *Iuno* to the divine *Nonacrine Calisto* (who once inflamed her old Letcher) in lading her whilecome lovely skin with horrid rough haire, and converting her limber fingers (once compacts of warme snow and soft yvory) into ugly Pawes, and making that mouth to grin (so that she was afraid of her owne voice) which was erst so praised of *love*.

None will excuse her malice against *Semele*, whom she sought by unworthy covert treachery to destroy, metamorphising her selfe into her old Beldame Nurse *Beroe* of *Epidaure*. No hate so deadly and certaine, as that which is masked under the visor of love; for that like thunder hits before it speaks :

Tuta frequensq; via est per amicos fallere nomen,

Tuta frequensq; licet sit via, crimen habet.

T' maske

T' maske fraud with Love hath safe & common been,
 Though a safe & common way, yet is't a sin.

See her spight, who contending in a wanton quarrell with *Love* which Sex had most pleasure in the act of Venery, he saying the Female, she the Masculine, *Tiresias* (who had twice changed his Sex) being elected Umpire, *confirmed loves* words, and *affirmed* that in coiture men had but three ounces of the vigour of Love, women nine; for which her deadly hate deprived him of both his eyes.

With what fury did she agitate the subversion of the house of *Cadmus*? did not she too excite the Furies to the ruine of *Athamas* and *Ino*, (for no other cause than for their pittie and piety in fostering their Nephew *Bacchus*, whose mother *Semele* her rage had already tragedized) descend by the horrid shades of deadly *Eve*, to *Dis* his dire
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Palace, and there commanded, promised, and intreated all in one breath, and at last incensed *Tisiphone* to prepare for them bruised Hemlocke, the spurgings of dead mens eyes, mad doggs foame, Frogs bloud, the juice of Mandrakes, Adders eares, horned Poppey, Cypresse boughs, Basilisks bloud, Infants fat, Scritchowles eggs, blacke Cats brain, Henbane, Nightshade, &c? with these and more such poisonous drugs, she so infuriated them, as the father *Athamas* dasht out the braines of his owne sonne *Glearchus*, and the mother *Ino*, (having snakes hissing about her head) precipitated her selfe, with her other child *Malacertes*, from a rock into the *Ionian* Sea; then *Ino* (like an enemy to the humane race) turned all the fleshy hearted *Theban* Ladies that pitied them into *Cadmean* Fowles, or Statues and Monuments of her revenge and envy.

I need not remember her turning

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of

of *Hemus* a King, and *Rhodope* a Queen;
 into *Thracian* Mountaines; the *Pigmean*
 Matron *Geranvica* into a Crane (who
 now bids battell to her owne subjects)
Antigone the faire daughter of *Laomedon*
 into a Storke, who still claps her
 wings to her owne Plaudite. Certaine
 it is that none was more cruell, mali-
 cious, or jealous than she, none more
 revengefull in her jealousie, insomuch
 as she could not forbear the *Dedalian*
 Statue, which angry *Iove* threatned to
 marry, but upon the reconciliation
 caused it to feed its owne destruction,
 fire.

Nor was *Pallas* altogether immacu-
 late, the pride of her haughty spirit
 would not let her acknowledge any
 equall, no not in the common Art of
 spinning, no not *Arachne* her selfe,
Arachne that made the pretty Nymphs
 of *Tmolus* often forsake their Vines, and
 the sleek *Pactolian* Nymphs their prat-
 ling streames, to looke upon her rare
 warps,

warps, but her her cruelty made a contemptible Spider, who still intangles Art (like flies) in her cunning Network, which the subtillest hand is too grosse to imitate.

This Goddesse also gave somewhat too much way to Anger and fury when she sent a fury to torture poore *Aglauros* (one of the *Cycropides*) only for being a little long tongu'd, like the tyrannous *Fairy* that entailes the sides of Tell-tales to the print of her nailes.

But some grave streight-laced Matron (who is constant to one, because her superannuated feature doth not please any other) may cavill that *Venus* was not without her Mole, but was guilty of falsifying her Conjugall trust, she looked with one eye upon Adulterous *Mars*, with the other upon Horned *Vulcan*, whom she taught the note of *Aprill*, and made his blacke browes to bud.

But this *Peccadillo* is too light to
G 2 weigh

weigh with the others grosse enormities; this fault (if it deserves that name) falls under a capacity of Pardon, as proceeding from infirmity, but murder and malice from presumption; she was so far from murdering any, as she would rather make more; she was so far from sending Furies to torture any, as she was willing to prevent their tortures.

What Fury is more terrible than Love, the Queen of Passions, to whom all other are subject, she to none?

*Mallet cum Leone, Cervo, & Apro Ætolico,
Cum Anteo, & Stymphalicis avibus luctari
mavelim,
Quam cum amore*————

I'de rather cope with the *Ætolian* Boare,
Anteus, or beasts that in *Nemæa* roare,
'Gainst the *Stymphalides* my strength I'de
prove
With better hope of *Palme*, than 'gainst great
Love.

This

This powerfull Conquerour leading the King and God of Conquerours prisoner to *Venus* in a red Rose chaine, so that he whose sinewie necke never bowed in battell, he whose stronger strength the strong tempered Steele did obey, became servile to her coynesse, she pittying the hell he burnt in for the heaven of her embrace, let him take her bed for his tent. This was only the fruit of a fleshy heart, and good Nature. Doe we not exclaime against those who having abundant store of wealth, yet suffer the needy to perish at their doores for want? With as good reason may we chide with those Ladies, who being rich in Beauty (scorning Art) suffer their Loyall Amorists to dye for love of them unpittied. And why might not one *Venus* serve both *Mars* and *Vulcan* within heaven (both being twins in love to her) as well as one *Virgo* doe the *Gemini* without heaven?

5. But it cannot be with any forehead denied, that *Astrea* her selfe prompted him to this disposall, because therein he followed the will of the Donor, of this prize of beauty, which was the Motto it bore; *Detur pulchriori, Give this to the fairest*: Which if we expound literally to be meant of exterior beauty, doubtlesse to her it belonged, if we judge it meant of interior beauty of the mind, yet to her, because she was not spotted and contaminated with so many vices as the rest.

But some may object that *Paris* did violate the League and Law of Nations, in robbing of *Menelaus* a Sovereigne Prince of the best jewell of his life, his deare *Helena*.

This I may answer with that Proverbiall axiom, *Fallere fallentem non est fraus*, to deceive a deceiver is no deceit. His Aunt *Hesione* was detained Captive in *Salamis* by *Thelamon*, under pretence

tence that *Hercules* when he razed *Troy*, bestowed her on him, she not restored, being demanded by her brother *Priamus* his Legates, *Paris* by stealing of the *Spartan* Queen cry'd the *Grecians* quit.

Whoever blamed *Dido* and the *Tyrian* Lords, for robbing avarous *Pigmalion* of his heaps of gold ? as little cause have we to wrangle with *Paris* for this amorous stealth : For if we be angry with Corn-ingrossers, and misers that hoord up a little worldly pelfe, why should we not as well blame them that ingrosse rich beauties, so much the more, by how much the treasure that they ingrosse is more divine and precious than their trifling riches?

But some may object, that *Paris* by this judgement made himselfe as his mother *Hecuba* dreamt he would prove, the firebrand of his Countrey ; 'twas he that did devast and destroy *Troy*, sometimes strong in wealth and wals :

——— *Notissima fama*
Insula, dives opum, Priami dum Regna ma-
nebant,
Nunc tamen finis, & statio malefida carinis.

An Ile whose wealth (as fame of old did
 know)
 Within as free, as Seas without did flow,
 Whilst *Priam* did her flourishing Scepter
 sway,
 Now rubbish, and to Ships a trecherous Bay.

This brought seventy Kings and King-
 ly Peeres from *Greece* with twelve hun-
 dred fifty five War ships (whose gol-
 den Poops did gild and staine the blew
 ennamell of the deep) to block & coop
 him up for ten yeares ten moneths, and
 twice six dayes. This waked the Lyon
 War, and made eight hundred sixty
 thousand *Greeks* staine the *Trojan* wea-
 pons with their dearest bloud, and sent
 six hundred fifty six thousands of *Tro-*
jans fighting men, (besides the slaugh-
 tered at the Sack) to engarrison, and
 take

take up their Quarters in the Kingdome of perpetuall night; omitting more of little lesser fame, the noble bloud of forty Kings ran A Tilt, if we allow *Hector*, *Troilus*, and *Paris* that title: The free sword tooke liberty to act all that it pleased, and was as familiar with entrailles as the *Augures*; all hate had licence given it, all fury had loose reines, slaughter and death bestrid the streets, whilst the gore he shed flowed up, and stained his thighs, and carried downe whole heaps of limbs, and mangled bodies, which the coles of their owne flaming houses roasted; no sex or age escaped, infants in the Porch of Life, the sicke, the aged that could not hope one day more from natures bounty, fell, some to fil up the number, some to make the prey, it was crime enough that they had lives. *Plato's* covetous boat-swaine fainted, and asked a Fleet rather than a Boat to ferrie over those sad soules to the blacke world,
whose

whose bodies the mawes and Dennes
of Beasts could scarce containe, the
whole Earth became a Grave, and all to
satisfie a hot Lust.

But if this had not happened, the
world had lost that high Example of
filiall duty and piety that *Aeneas* gave,
in burthening his shoulders with his
feeble and most aged Father *Anchises*,
and (leading by the hand his sonne *As-
canius* of the age of twelve yeares) bea-
ring him through the wastfull flames,
maugre the wrathfull foes into the
fields of *Phrygia*.

Out of these ashes also sprung the
worlds *Phanix*, the *Roman Nation*, that
gave Lawes to all the rest, and the *Brit-
ish* that performed acts of more
Palme than Fame has breath to blaze.

And we have no reason to call *Paris*
the Viper that eat out the bowels of
his Countrey, because this sad event of
his judgement was hid from his eyes.
If Nature had made every man a

Pro-

Prometheus to contemplate, or a *Tiresias* to prognosticate the event of things before the action of them, or if we all had our Nativities calculated to our hands, and were fore-warned of, and so fore-armed against those Legions of perils that should encounter us in our lives warfare, there would be no need of the veneration of *Fortune*, or repairing to her fane to implore her *Protean* Deitie to be auspicious to us in the conduct of our affaires ; for a disease when knowne is halfe cured, a wound *discovered is recovered*, and a danger that is expected is toothlesse and halfe prevented; but we are not all allyed to the *Sybils*, nor have we the gift of divination shared amongst us, because we should have our minds intense upon heroicke atchievements, and still *amulans meliora*, and leave the sequell to vertue, who never failes to elevate her patient sonnes above the reach of chance.

And

And as Ignorance is held to be the Mother of Devotion; so (in this point) its the cause of most mens industry: For if all carried their destinies inscribed on their foreheads, such as were condemned to hew their livings out of the Rocks, would never appeale to Fortune to divert her harsh sentence, but would sit downe in despaire, and sigh out with *Tacitus*; *Fortunæ sævienti submittendus est animus*, or with *Seneca*,

*Fatis Agimur, cedite fatis,
Non sollicita possunt cura
Mutare rati stamina fusi.*

By resolute Fates we guided be,
To their pleasures submit we,
No care can alter their decree.

The *Median* and *Persian* Fates are not like that pack of petty Tyrants that make *Acts* and *Ordinances* to day, and vote them void too morrow, no, their

in-

inalterable *Order* is out, that we should
alwayes tug at the Oare, nor can our
anxious care contrive a way to ransom
us from these *katches*, under which we
must ever lye as *dead Anchor*; wherefore
its better for us to subject our necks
to the yron yoke of servitude (forged
for us) with Sheepish patience, than
like the wild Bull strangle our selves
with struggling to breake that net from
which we shall never unintangle our
feet, and so by their *sigbs* of desperation
(as with bellows) they augment the
fury of the enraged *wind*, whereas if the
love of Vertue could make them *swell*
their *sailles* with *breathings* after the
Cape of good Hope, they might perhaps
arrive at the *Port* of Honour. *E contra*,
if men were no greater strangers to
their ends than to their beginnings,
those that Fortune had selected for her
minions, would expect still to be dand-
led upon her knee, and that the *Cornu-*
copia and redundancy of her best fa-
vours should drop into their mouths,
whilst

whilst they (like *Marcus Lepidus*) stretch themselves upon *Flora's* green Carpet.

Therefore lest the ardour and breathings after fame should be refrigerated in Cadets by their despaire of soaring above the gutter, though they should spread and try to flutter with their Estrich wings of faint hope, or in others by their presumption of being borne up to *Promotions* hill on the shoulders of their smiling Fate, and there to find warme lodgings which they never swet for, prudent Nature lets no man know what the *plot* is that she intends in the severall *Scenes* of his life, till he comes to act the *Epilogue*, which (contrary to other *Comedians*) he usually desires to protract.

Some in their passage through this elementary world find their way strewed with *Roses*, and their paths spread with butter, & others prick their feet with bryars and thornes, and stick fast in the muddy sloughs of trouble, and
are

are compell'd like *Haniball* (upon the *Alps*) *vel viam invenire, vel facere*, to find or make way over the hedges and ditches of incombrance : And as a Pilgrim that steeres his unknowne course to some remote shrine, when he comes at a crosseway, is apt to take the fairest path ; Semblably we, when we meet with any thing ambiguous, take our owne construction, which is ever such as the pulse of our affections beats after, and we sooth up our selves that herein we deviate not from truth ; for *facile credimus quod volumus*. Thus *Æacides* demanding of the Oracle what event his War with *Troy* should have, he interpreted the Oracles answer, which was,

Aio te Æacides Trojanos vincere posse.

Æacides to vanquish *Troy*, I able doe pronounce.

Thus, *I say thou art able to subdue the Trojans*, whereas he should have construed this Amphiboly in this wise, *I tell thee the Trojans are able to vanquish thee*. And
that

that other Prince who enquired whether or no he should make a prosperous expedition against his enemies, and had this in a scruple,

Ibis redibis nunquam per bella peribis.

Thou shalt goe thou shalt returne never war shall end thee.

Put the second *comma* where he would have had it meant, *viz.* next that verb *Redibis*, whereas he should have placed it next the *Adverb nunquam*, and thus falsely animated he ingaged, and breathed his last, in the Attempr.

Thus the *Ilian* Prince *Paris* having the 3 Goddesses standing before him, and pleading for the prize of beauty, conferr'd it upon *Venus*, because he conceiv'd, she being the potentest of the three (in that she boasted her Trophies over the chief of the rest) was most able to doe him good or hurt, and that he should be so perfectly felicified in what she could confer upon him, as all the scruples of gall that the other two Deities could cast into his sweet melle could not be able to imbitter it.

FINIS.

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